

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CHARLES SUMNER.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame;
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease;
Put thou the scholar's promise by;
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered, "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

The fixed star of his faith, through all,
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same;
As through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he trod,
And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart,
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

Revive again, thou summer rain,
The broken turf upon his bed;
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain
Of low, sweet music overhead!

With calm and beauty symbolize
The peace which follows long annoy,
And lend our earth-bent, mourning eyes
Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,
As God lives he must live away;
There is no end for souls like his,
No night for children of the day!

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound;
The truths he moulded into law
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust;
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge, "Is it just?"

And when the hour supreme had come,
 Not for himself a thought he gave;
 In that last pang of martyrdom,
 His care was for the half-freed slave.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
 Her children's children long be taught,
 How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
 The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

The lifted sword above her shield
 With jealous care shall guard his fame;
 The pine-tree on her ancient field
 To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
 Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
 And from her pictured Pantheon
 His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,
 Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
 The world that counts thy jewels o'er
 Shall longest pause at SUMNER's name!

—John G. Whittier.

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

"All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."—1 COR. iii. 21.

There is a fine, wholesome exultation about these words, considering from whom they come and to whom they are addressed. We do not like to hear a rich man boasting of his wealth; but, when a poor man tells us how rich he feels, that seems wholesome, and it gives us a glimpse into the deeper fact of what being "well off" really is. There is something more than sentiment in the expression, "All things are yours." What is "ours"? What is property? What is making anything "yours" and having it as your own?

Of course, to begin with, the absolute and final ownership of anything is impossible. You may speak of a man possessing a large fortune or owning so much land; but, when you look closely at it, this is only a way of speaking of his temporary relation to these things. He is only a tenant after all. So that ownership, when you look into it, turns out to be simply the power of a man to do with certain things as he chooses, to have full use of them while he lives. But then, again, even this full use while a man lives may be further limited. It may be limited by his capacity for putting them to use. There are many different uses for things,—some higher, some lower, some temporary, some lasting. Some are merely

for the outward life, some for the deeper, inward being. I do not preach that people should despise the uses of the outward life. Yet, still, these are not the highest uses of things to man; and, when I see that men have somehow singled out these outward uses as constituting that supreme appropriation of things which is to be called property, I cannot help feeling that there is a screw loose in our ideas, and that they need some revising. Or, if we are still to keep them for the meaning into which they have grown, do not we need to understand that this meaning is only just playing on the surface of things, and hardly touches their deepest reality? I feel, somehow, as if we were led, in the deepest fact of things, to some such statement as this: that this world of God's belongs most, not to him who, as men call it, "owns" most of it, but to him who has most knowledge of it and most love for it. It is not,—of all this varied, teeming earth,—it is not what you can carry in your hand or pocket or title-deeds that you make really yours, but it is what you take into your mind and heart, what you know and what you love. That which you carry in your fingers you can carry only a little way; and then the fingers loosen, and your grasp relaxes, and it all slips from you. But that of God's great world which you gather into mind and heart, that does not slip away: that becomes part of your very self, and goes with you into all the life that is to be.

The same thing is true of the world of human life. Of course there is no question of actual ownership: that is past. But yet the very same law comes in: the world of human life is most his who knows it best and loves it best. Go forth into the busy world and love it, interest yourself in its life, mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows, try what you can do for men rather than what you can make them do for you, and you will know what it is to have men yours better than if you were their king or master. Looking through history, whose, most of all, is the world's? Not Alexander's or Napoleon's. They tried to make it theirs; but it was only a brief hold they got, and then all fell utterly from their grasp. No: the one who most of all has inspired men with a passionate feeling of being "not their own, but his," is Christ. So deeply did he awaken that feeling—"we are not our own: we belong to Christ"—that later ages imagined a sort of actual purchase, by his substitutionary sacrifice; but it was nothing of the kind really, it was simply the response to his great love. And what was true in the large of Christ

making men his is true in little of every one, or may be true. He whom you bind to you by love becomes, as far as it is possible, yours.

And so of making the wise, the great, the good, ours. They belong to the mind and heart. Shakespeare's plays do not become yours by your owning a handsome copy of them, but, again, by knowing them and loving them. Beethoven and Mendelssohn are theirs who love and understand them. So true is this that John Ruskin has pleaded that in works of art it is wrong to claim any private property or ownership. The beauty, the great thought, that which gives the marble or canvas its value, that cannot be bought; that only comes by knowing and loving, by looking on the beauty till its lines grow into the mind, and loving it as one loves some greater friend; and that love can never be selfish.

And so of things greater than art and the æsthetic, so of character and the deep qualities of life itself. You cannot buy these things: you cannot pay a master even to teach you goodness or uprightness or purity. I do not say that the teachers can do nothing: *knowing* here, too, goes for something; but it is *loving* that does infinitely the most. The quality you love becomes a part of you. Your friend's nobleness, if that is what you really love in him, gives you also some touch of nobleness. You may never have much opportunity for heroism; but, if, as you read of some brave, heroic deed, your heart throbs with deep, loving admiration, that love, by subtle chemistry, transmutes the deed into your character. Not the whole of it, but some touch of it becomes a part of what you are.

Here, then, are two ways of making one's own the field of nature and the world of humanity and the realms of art and beauty. These different ways of having and using—higher and lower, for the body and for the mind—really mingle and interlace; and they ought to do. We need something of the lower ownership, something for the bodily use, or else the mind and the soul will not be here long. The beautiful will not keep us alive. One even admires the winter's winding-sheet of snow better if one has an overcoat and thick boots. A man may have both uses. He may have great possessions for this world, and use them so as to be the richer for all worlds.

It comes to this: we do not need to revolutionize all the common ideas of property, but to let men see how little way down into realities those common ideas and the words that stand for them go. The world should

be taught to see that this whole common idea of property—as if it were the solidest reality, and for which they are so apt to grind and slave and give their very life—is, after all, only a life interest, and that not the best interest or the highest. And so should we all see how large a part of the finest use and treasure of God's world is free to all. It is only the poorer, temporary uses,—good in their way, but merely temporary,—it is only these that are so limited: the higher, lasting uses are for all that will live the open, loving life. It is not what we carry in our pockets that makes us most truly rich, even though it be in gold or diamonds. The open eye, to see the beauty that is in earth's poorest place; the thoughtful mind, to watch the world's life and change and growth working together; the interest in books, so as to absorb their rich, warm life into one's mind; the large heart, to look on all around with tender, loving sympathy, feeling their joys and sorrows, and having one's single life multiplied, as it were, a hundred-fold by interest in others,—these things are what make man's being rich and full and quick with the promise and power of greater life to come. So I think we should look around us in this world, even in the poorest corner of it, with a royal sense of privilege and blessing,—a feeling like that which breathes in this old word, that "all things are ours." So all things are,—sunshine and storm; the flowers; the glistening, innumerable stars; the solemn mountain heights; the vast domain of history; the lofty ideals of art and music and poetry; the rich human interest of the life about us; all good and wise and great ones; earth's noblest uses; heaven's glorious hopes; things present, things to come,—yes, all are ours.

"And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's," wrote Paul. Yes, all good things gather to the highest. All earnest, outward life looks upward still, leads upward. The life which feels this happy, royal sense of richness as it looks around, feels all the blessing, brighter and more precious as it looks above; and earth's use and joy culminate as, with Christ himself, we catch the sense of a higher belonging yet, and see all resting in the ever-unfolding light of eternity and God.—*Brooke Herford*.

O friends whose hearts still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
And set to music all his years.

—Whittier.

THE STILL HOUR.

ABIDE IN ME.

That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee,
From this good hour, oh, leave me never-
more;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be
healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;
Quench e'er it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and se-
rene.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs a hand
divine;
Dwell thou within it, tune, and touch the
chords,
Till every note and string shall answer
thine.

Abide in me. There have been moments pure
When I have seen thy face and felt thy
power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the
hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
"Abide in me," and they shall ever be;
Fulfill at once thy precept and my prayer,—
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

TRUTH.

The world is full of good people, good
as the world goes, good as the rich young
man was good, who break no command-
ments, who neither falsify nor defraud,
yet who do almost nothing to make the
world better.

The minority is small, still, who work to

bring in God's kingdom and his millennial
day, who are willing to carry the cross and
burthen of the Ideal, who have to push for-
ward to light and blessing those who should
help, but who either rest like a dead weight
upon their generation or actively oppose
themselves to the progress of truth.

Do not consent, my friends,—O you that
are young especially,—do not consent to be
a part of that dead weight or of that opposi-
tion to progress and to God! See that your
life, if it is not service, is nothing. If to eat
and sleep, to gather riches for your heirs to
disperse, to delight eye or ear or any sense
with pleasant things,—if this is all your
life amounts to, it is nothing. Truth only
gives it real vitality; and to have helped
on truth, to have made the world a little
better, to have smoothed their path for those
who shall follow us, is the only thing which,
when we die, shall have given us a reason for
being here, or make us very welcome comers
into heaven.—*Samuel J. May.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs.
W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in
the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking
"Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before send-
ing it, else the person who requests it may receive several
copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for
a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, say-
ing that you have sent it. When you receive more requests
than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be
printed there.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha
Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline,
Mass.

Mrs. E. E. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Ja-
maica Plain, Mass., offers to any one paying
postage *World's Work*, 1909-10. *Saturday
Evening Post*, 1909-10; *The Literary Digest*,
1910; *Harper's Bazar*, 1909.

The Cambridge Branch offers the follow-
ing books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20
Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Under
the Great Bear," Kirk Munroe; "What
Katy did at School"; "Little Hodge";
"Christmas at Grandma Elsie's"; "St.
Winifred's; or, The World of School"; "Ga-
briel Conroy"; "Earl's Daughter"; "Life of
Charlotte Brontë," Gaskell; "Memorials of
Thomas Hood"; "Hours of Thought,"
Martineau; "Woodcarver of 'Lympus';
"Eben Holden"; "The Crossing," Churchill;
"Trail of the Lonesome Pine," John Fox, Jr.;
"Life, Letters, and Journals of George Tick-

nor"; "Life of Mrs. Siddons"; "David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories of Colonial Times"; "Enoch Arden," Tennyson; "Julius Caesar," Napoleon III.; "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt"; "The Undiscovered Country," Howells.

The Brighton Branch offers the following list. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass., Boulevard Station: "The Rhetorical Reader," by E. Porter, D.D.; "The Story of a Short Life," J. H. Ewing; "Minnie and her Pets," Mrs. Madeline Leslie; "Ever New and Ever Old," stories by Best Authors; "Editha's Burglar," F. H. Burnett; "Jack in the Bush," by Robert Grant; "Mother Goose Masquerades"; "The Minister's Wooing," by H. B. Stowe; "In the World"; "Adventures of a Sunbeam," children's poems. Music: "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," "Miss Simplicity," "Easiest Pianoforte Études," "Dance Music." *McClure's Magazine*, 1909-10; *Saturday Evening Post*, 1908, 1909, 1910. "An Examination Manual in Plane Geometry," Wentworth and Hill; "Plane Geometry," by G. A. Wentworth; "A German Reader," by Prof. Charles Follen, D.D.; "Franklin Fourth Reader," by L. J. Campbell; "Monroe's Second Reader"; "Natural History Reader," (Second) Rev. J. G. Wood; "Algebra Examination Papers for Admission to Colleges," edited by William F. Bradbury, A.M.; "Principals of Composition," Henry G. Pearson; "Natural Philosophy," Cooley, 1871; "Elementary French Reader," Gibert's; "Endeavor Hymnal."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I am a Methodist minister's wife, on a large circuit and very small salary. We live in a little town far away from "everywhere." I get very lonely sometimes and wish for something good to read. I have two little boys: the oldest one is five years old, the other, one and a half. I would be very thankful for any reading suitable for myself, also picture and story books for my little boys. Address Mrs. D. B. Parker, Elizabethtown, Bladen County, North Carolina.

2. Will some one please send me reading for myself and family of nine girls and boys, from four to nineteen? I have moved to a

new home. I think I shall have several neighbors that would be pleased to have the reading, either old or new,—just something to pass the dull winter days with. Many thanks to all who have remembered me in the past, and may God be merciful and bless them in the future. Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Waxahachie, Texas, R. No. 4.

3. I am quite a lover of all kinds of reading matter, and a friend of mine advised me to apply to you for some. Would be very glad to receive any kind of books and periodicals. My children live in a very remote place for an education. I would appreciate any help in that line. Mrs. S. M. Trevey, Naola, Amherst County, Virginia.

4. Rev. C. L. Harris, Bluff City, Tennessee, asks for books and cards for children.

5. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter friend for sending me the *Cheerful Letter*. I also wish to receive some magazines and books for myself and two boys, six and ten years old. I also would be glad to have a correspondent. I have a little girl two years old. Would be glad of a picture-book for her. I have a right lonely time, as my baby has been sick all her life. Mrs. Lessie L. Parker, Peachland, North Carolina.

6. Mrs. Eliza J. Lilly, Cottonville, Stanley County, North Carolina, will be glad to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

7. Mrs. J. T. Wilson, formerly of Sandy Ridge, now at Madison, North Carolina, asks for any reading.

8. I wish to thank all of those who have been so kind in sending me literature. I heartily assure you that we have enjoyed and appreciated everything that has been sent us. I would be thankful for a good nice-sized Bible for my husband and family to read. I will be glad of anything that you will send. We do not own any land at all, have had a lot of sickness, and are poor folks. We live a long way from a town. I have been right feeble for the last month, not able to write much. Hope to hear from you soon. Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 100.

9. Miss A. M. Dunning, 51 Pleasant Street, Auburn, Maine, will be grateful for pictures and clippings suitable for scrap-books. Miss Dunning employs her spare

time, when able, in making scrap-books for children in hospitals or where needed.

10. Mrs. A. B. Tuttle, Kenduskeag, Maine, asks for novels by Sylvanus Cobb, excepting the "Gunmaker of Moscow."

11. Joseph Hazeltine, Summit, Robert County, South Dakota, living on a farm twelve miles from town, will be glad of any reading, which he shares with his neighbors.

12. I wish to thank every one through the *Cheerful Letter* who have so kindly remembered me with reading of any kind, also postals. I can't answer all for want of postage. I enjoy the reading very much. (Miss) Lucy Cole, Harrington, Maine.

13. Could you send me the book, "Captain Chub," by Ralph Henry Barbour? I want it for one of my grandsons. He is fond of reading, and I think this book would suit him. I would be pleased for a book for my little grand-daughter, nine years old. I prefer a book to papers. We have snow on the ground eleven inches deep and almost zero weather, something new for Kentucky. Mrs. Martha W. Guy, Box 5, Germantown, Kentucky.

14. Mrs. Jennie Palmer Grymes, Echo, Louisiana, will be grateful for a novel occasionally.

15. Mrs. Thomas H. Drummond, Sandhedges, Virginia, Route 1, particularly asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Delineator*, or *McCall's Magazine*.

16. I have come across one of the numbers of *Cheerful Letter*. The Book and Magazine Club Department appealed to me. I am an inhabitant of the northern (timbered) section of Minnesota, where social and generally intellectual advantages are almost nothing. About a dozen families of us are in the neighborhood and settled in homesteads well back from the "outer" world as it seems to us. Naturally also, circumstances are very meagre. If we can be helped to any reading matter, current literature, and any kind of up-to-date reading, it would be an ever grateful favor. L. Olds, Mae P.O., Minnesota.

17. We live in a remote part of West Virginia, inaccessible to any public library; and, having the misfortune to lose most of

our books by fire last year, we hear with more than usual interest of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. I have a daughter of sixteen, whose governess says has an unusually good taste in literature for her age, and a son of twelve who is passionately fond of stories of adventure, wild animals, etc. My husband being a physician among these mountain folk gives us a rare opportunity to pass any literature on to isolated souls hungering for something to fill in the long, cold winter days and relieve the tedium of lingering illness. I ask especially for *St. Nicholas* and *Ladies' Home Journal* for my two bairns. Below I will list a few books particularly desirable as parallel reading in our literary course: "Silas Marner," "Mill on the Floss," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Tale of Two Cities," "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "Sohrab and Rustum," "Lorna Doone," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," also any French stories and plays generally read in our school course,—"Last of the Barons" and "Last Days of Pompeii." Of course I do not expect to receive all of these, but I mention them in the hope that the society may be able to send me some of them. Very sincerely, Mrs. B. L. Traynham, Sweet Springs, West Virginia.

18. Mr. F. W. Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 22, having a wife in poor health and five children (ages not given), will appreciate any reading.

19. I received the box that was sent me by the *Cheerful Letter* Society a few days ago, and you cannot imagine how surprised and delighted I was to get it. I distributed the literature among the school children, and it would have made your heart glad as it did mine to see how they appreciated them. Many thanks for your kindness, Minnie Brown, Pleasant View, Virginia.

In order that we may be in closer touch with our young people, will the mothers send the names and ages of the children in their families to the Book Club secretary, Mrs. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass?

AT REST.

Mrs. Joseph E. Bailey, Meridale, New York.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Myrtle Rodgers, now Columbia Falls, Montana.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE BOY'S PLACE IN THE HOME.

III.

Every Child understands Love and Consideration.

The child cannot be expected from the first to acquiesce in our point of view as to noise any more than to accord appreciation of solidarity and the necessity for mutual consideration. What he does understand, however, are love and consideration and granted graces of privilege. See that he has plenty of them to dwell upon and remember from the first. Give these with no suggestion of a debit and credit account, but make him comprehend that the deference he shows to the wishes or weaknesses of others awakens in them desire to respond in kind.

The pleasures we plan for our children often mean far more to them than the sacrifices we make in their behalf. An afternoon out of doors with your boy, a modest dinner at a restaurant, a matinee or an evening at the theatre or other place of amusement, the permission to invite his friends to the house for an evening's merry-making, will compensate to him for many a repression, especially when he knows that this repression is an item in the régime of mutual consideration you strive to make the law of the household.

In such régime of consideration be sure you include drill in the gentle art of waiting upon women. When I lay stress upon this, it is with no notion of putting a woman upon a pedestal. The tribute to her which I would demand from a boy is exacted more for his sake than for hers.

In taking this position I do not minify the sacrifices made by mothers for their children, the sufferings which they may have undergone in behalf of their sons and daughters. Without admitting that homage is due a woman for the mere fact of motherhood, I do not wish to deny the daily martyrdoms of will, of health, of happiness, to which mothers submit cheerfully for the sake of smoothing the ways of their children. The love and duty of their sons and daughters, the tenderness which anticipates her efforts and saves her steps and work are no more than her due.

Courtesy and Cleanliness.

Yet there is more even than the rendering of a debt in training the boy to wait on his mother and on other women. The nature is dyed to that it works in, and the lad who

practises gentleness is bound to feel it. He learns to understand weakness by deferring to it, to pity it and in a way to honor it, and all this has its effect in deepening and developing the character of the man. Even from a practical point of view his education is incomplete if he has not been more or less drilled in the little attentions whose familiar use marks the unconscious gentleman.

In the same line is insistence that the boy shall observe habits of personal cleanliness. Don't let a mistaken fancy of present consideration induce you to let untidiness pass unnoticed. From the first, accustom the boy to coming to table with clean hands and seemly garments. The boy will outgrow his resentment at such exactions and forget them. What he will always remember is that home liberty and license are not interchangeable terms, and that privilege in the home should connote consideration.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in the Woman's Home Companion.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

SWAMP-SPARROW: MELOSPIZA GEORGIANA.

Crown and wings chestnut; back light brown, heavily streaked with black; sides washed with brown; middle tail feathers darker on shafts. In winter, head streaked with black and brown. Length about six inches.

Geographic Distribution.—Eastern North America; breeds from Northern Illinois and Pennsylvania northward to Labrador; winters from Southern Illinois and Massachusetts to the Gulf.

"While wintering in the south, swamp-sparrows frequently belie their name, and I have often found members of them in dry 'old fields' of broom sedge; but at the North they are more consistent, and one rarely sees them beyond the confines of a wet meadow, or, more preferably, a large, grassy marsh with reed-bordered streams.

"Swamp-sparrows may be distinguished from their cousins, the song-sparrows, by their unstreaked breasts and totally different notes. Their usual call note is a sharp cheep, not unlike that of the white-throated sparrow, and quite different from the rather nasal chirp of the song-sparrow. Their song is simple, sweet, but somewhat monotonous; *tweet—tweet—tweet*, repeated many times, all on one note, and sometimes running into a trill."—*Birds of Village and Field*," Florence A. Merriam.

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

FEBRUARY: DENEΒ.

Deneb is next to the least bright of the twenty brightest stars, but a very interesting and beautiful star. It lies in one of the densest parts of the Milky Way and is conspicuously brilliant in contrast with the hazy light of the myriads of small stars that go to make up this mysterious belt of shining bodies.

Deneb forms part of a figure called the Northern Cross, which extends over the Milky Way something more than twenty degrees; but it is rather an ill-formed cross. Deneb is the star at the head of the upright of the cross. In the spring, when it rises in the north-east, the cross is almost upside down, and Deneb comes up last. When the cross is setting in the north-west, its position is partly reversed, so it seems more nearly upright, and Deneb disappears last.

While this figure is commonly spoken of as the Northern Cross, it is really only a part of a larger constellation known as Cygnus, or the Swan, and this is the name used by astronomers in referring to the constellation. The head is marked by the star at the base of the cross, and in the tail is "Deneb." "Deneb" means "the tail."

Deneb is white in color and, like Capella and Vega, can be seen at some time between sunset and midnight every night in the year. It lingers in our view each day for three hours after Vega has gone down, and is particularly attractive in this part of its path during the early evening in January and February. It is then rather low in the north-west, and with Vega gone and no other bright star very near, it has a more commanding charm.—*Martha Evans Martin.*

BIOGRAPHY.

THE FIVE BOOKS YOUNG LINCOLN READ.

The boy Abraham Lincoln had very few books. His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes,—a pioneer's library.

First, of course, was the Bible, a whole library in itself, if properly understood, and containing every sort of literature,—stories, poems, dramas, addresses, histories, some simple enough for the youngest child, others taxing the wisdom of the learned.

Second was "Pilgrim's Progress," with its quaint characters and vivid scenes related in simple, vigorous English. "Æsop's Fables" was a third and introduced the log cabin boy to a wonderful range of

characters,—the gods of mythology, the different ranks and classes of mankind, and every animal.

Fourth was a history of the United States, in which there was the charm of truth and a more modern tone, and from which were learned the lessons of patriotism that Lincoln's manhood put into action. Last came Weems's "Life of Washington," a queer, stilted book, but one full of detail that made Washington seem a living example.

These five books were the beginning of Lincoln's education, says *St. Nicholas*. From the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Æsop the boy Lincoln learned the power and beauty of plain English words, and saw the grandest thoughts and most poetic imaginings needed only the strong little words of every day. When, therefore, in later life he wished to be sure he understood any matter, it became his custom to translate it into words such as a child can understand. Read again the Gettysburg address and the second inaugural address, and learn how Lincoln the President could make the homespun words of common use move the hearts of his fellow-men.

In Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" it is recorded that "he read these five books over and over till he knew them almost by heart. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He even devoured the 'Revised Statutes of Indiana' as boys in our days do a sensational novel.

"He could not afford to waste paper upon his original compositions. He would sit by the fire at night and cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical exercises, which he would shave off and then begin again. It is touching to think of this great, spirited child battling year after year against his evil star, wasting his ingenuity upon devices and makeshifts, his high intelligence starving for the want of the simple appliances of education that are now offered gratis to the poorest and most indigent."—*Boston Daily Advertiser, February, 1909.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

When a man dies whose virtues have created hostility, who has been vilified and slandered, there often comes a singular reaction. When death lays its pale hand on the brow, men suddenly forget their prejudices and dislikes, and recognize the greatness of soul that before was hidden from their eyes. So, when this nation was

weeping for Lincoln—"in the passion of an angry grief"—those who had been ridiculing him for years confessed their wrong and acknowledged his greatness. So it is now in the case of Charles Sumner. Death, removing him from our outward eye, enables us to see him inwardly and truly. Thus have we looked at a mountain, and only seen the creeping mists and clouds which concealed it; but, when the west wind moved the air, the vapors were suddenly dispersed, and the pure snowy summits came out in sharp outline against the blue sky. Death does the office of that cold wind. After the earthquake and fire and tempest of passionate and godless strife have passed, death comes, and the Lord speaks to us in that still, small voice.

One reason, I think, why the people loved Charles Sumner is that they felt how much larger his views were than those of most of his companions in the Senate. They did not perhaps, say, "He is a statesman, the others are politicians," but they recognized the fact. When any important question came up, other men might consider it in relation to party interests. Sumner always attempted to study it in the light of history and political science. He sought to know and to declare the *truth* in regard to it,—the truth as deduced from the past experience of nations and the mature judgments of the wise. The country is in peril to-day because there are so few statesmen in public life.

Another reason for this national grief at the death of Charles Sumner was his belief in man—his broad humanity. His life was devoted to the service of his race, high and low, rich and poor, white and black. To him *man* was sacred. He did not feel the cynical contempt which it is the fashion to express for sentiment. His nature was rich in generous and noble feelings, and it was this very thing which gave him such power over the people. A character devoid of sentiment awakens no enthusiasm. The best knowledge is not reached by cold intellect alone, but by the heart and intellect united. No one has ever gained any deep and lasting influence over men who did not possess something of this sacred ardor, this prophetic vision, a sight beyond sight which pierces through the veil, and makes everything which is honorable, noble, just, and generous as real as daylight and sunshine. Sumner owed his hold on the people to his large endowment of noble sentiment. Politicians could not understand it. Men who thought that the only wires to be pulled were those of selfishness tried again and

again to defeat him here in Massachusetts; but they tried in vain. His anchor went to a depth their sounding-line could not fathom, and held by the eternal rock of human nature. During all the long conflict with slavery, his voice was heard like a trumpet, appealing to the rights of man. He stood conspicuous in the nation's eye, a young Apollo,—

"In silent majesty of stern disdain,"

and "dreadful was the clangor of his silver bow" as he shot his arrows thick and fast into the sophisms used by slaveholders and their allies. When they could not reply with argument, they silenced him with murderous blows. But Sumner did as much for the cause of freedom by his suffering as he had done by his speech. Many a man who did not raise his voice in public at that time took a vow of hostility in his heart against the institution which prompted that assassination.

Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner were always friends, for they were men of the same type. Difference of opinion never estranged them, for they met on a plane higher than that of opinion. But many others disliked Sumner because he kept himself always on that upper level of principle. The air was too pure for them to breathe. He would not come down to the more comfortable platform of party expediency. They asked him only to be silent. If he had consented to that, he might have continued to be the most powerful statesman in the country. But he could not be silent in the face of any question of right and wrong. So it was decided that he should be crushed, and all the noxious elements in the political world were combined against him, and he was removed from his most important place. But he had his consolations. He had the aid of that "strong-siding champion, conscience," and he found the truth of the poet's statement that

"Far more joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

Charles Sumner was born with a large desire for human approbation. He longed for the esteem of his fellow-men as few long for it. And, therefore, it was greatly to his credit that he made himself unpopular, from first to last, by advocating causes, and announcing ideas in advance of the time. He loved approbation, but he never bought it by disloyalty to a conviction. Some men take pleasure in being persecuted, and are a little uneasy if not engaged in a

fight. Sumner loved peace with all his heart, but was obliged, for conscience' sake, to be always in war. He loved the good will of those around him, but he was obliged to relinquish it. He loved sunshine—and had to live in storms. Therefore, the fact that he was very approbative I regard as an element of his greatness. He would not have been so noble without it, for his fidelity to principle would not have cost him so dear.

Once when Mr. Sumner was showing me his autograph of John Milton, he said: "Perhaps I have a special interest in that MS., on account of what happened to me one day after my injury. I had tried to go back to my place in the Senate twice, but found myself unable to remain there. The second time, after I returned to my own chamber, deeply discouraged, I said: 'Then this is the end. It is all over with me now.' And I confess that the tears came to my eyes, thinking I could do no more work for my race or my country. But I raised my eyes, and saw before me a volume of Milton. I took it down and opened it mechanically. It opened at his noble sonnet on his own blindness, to Cyriack Skinner, where he says that for three years he has not seen sun or moon or man or woman.

"What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them,
overplied

In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

I read this," said Mr. Sumner, "and I, too, felt comforted and encouraged by the words of Milton."

So it is that nobleness, courage, faith extend themselves! Not only is the blood of martyrs the seed of the Church, but the thoughts of brave men leap over gulfs of two centuries, and inspire with fresh hopes other heroes, fighting other battles of liberty.

Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, says that England has need of Milton, and that he ought to be living now.

But Milton is living with us still, in his great example and his inspiring words. He stood by the side of Charles Sumner in that hour of darkness and raised him up. And so shall Charles Sumner live, and after two centuries shall his example inspire and awaken other souls, in this land and elsewhere, to do their duty, so as to be able to say with him, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Others may have been before him in originating the anti-slavery movement; others may have come closer to the common people in urging the abolition of slavery;

some may have been more fiery, some more adroit. But where do we find combined in one person so much of moral sentiment with so much intellectual culture, so much unity of aim with variety of attainment, such purity of heart joined to such practical ability, so much of white-souled integrity and faithful industry in work, such sweetness and such courage, such readiness to brave enemies and patience to endure suffering, as we find united in the life and character of Charles Sumner!

In one of Theodore Parker's letters to Charles Sumner he says: "I look to you to be a leader in morals—to represent justice. I expect you to make mistakes—blunders. I hope they will be intellectual, not moral; that you will never miss the right, however you may miss the expedient. All our States were built on the opinion of to-day. I hope you will build on the Rock of Ages, and look to Eternity for your justification. You see, my dear Sumner, I expect much of you. I expect heroism of the most heroic kind. Yours is a place of great honor, of great trust, but of prodigious peril; and of that there will be few to warn you, as I do now. You see that I try you by a difficult standard, and that I am not easily pleased. I hope some years hence to say, 'You have done better than I advised.'"

Perhaps that time has arrived. When these two noble souls meet in the eternal world, I think that Theodore Parker will say to Charles Sumner, "*You have done better than I advised.*"—James Freeman Clarke.

ANECDOTE OF A HEN AND A CAT.

"I am going to tell you something curious, which I do not think you would believe if anybody else told it you. I think I have mentioned that the farmer's house with adjacent barn-yard, hay-yard, and poultry-yard, is behind this cottage. Some time ago I perceived that a solitary hen was frequenting the lawn in front of it, and had apparently withdrawn from the society of her fellow-fowls at the back. Whether she boarded at home, returning to the poultry-yard for her meals, or contented herself with foraging in the flower-beds and grass of the garden, I do not know, but she certainly had shaken the dust of her former residence from her claws completely at other times.

"One day I perceived an unusual commotion and agitation in a handsome pine-tree, whose branches sweep the lawn, and to my amazement beheld one of our cats engaged with this hen in the liveliest game of hide-and-

seek,—running in and out under the tree after each other, the cat crouching, wriggling, and darting beneath the branches, and the bird occasionally hopping up on one of them, whither the beast pursued her. At first I thought it was war, sudden death, and murder, but presently perceived it was peace and the pursuit of innocent amusement with the friendliest good understanding. After this I watched them, and to my infinite amusement saw this game repeated over and over again. Then these curious companions took to walking sedately side by side (almost what you might call arm-in-arm) round the gravel walk, and finally settled amicably down together on the nice hot glass frame of one of the vegetable pits in the kitchen garden. Here I have seen them sitting, winking and blinking in the sun, apparently perfectly happy in mind and body, until suddenly the hen would turn sharply round and give a vicious peck at the cat's face or breast (what it had said to shock or offend her I did not hear), upon which the four-footed feline creature (hurt, no doubt, in all its feelings) slid down and made off rather shamefacedly, the biped, the feathered fowl, remaining in undivided possession, though apparently in ruffled dignity, of the comfortable hot glass. Now, isn't all this strange? If I had not seen, I should not have believed it. I wish I knew what that cat said to that hen."—*Fanny Kemble's Reminiscences.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the amusement column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ACROSTIC.

(All of the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of the Indian village on the present site of Quebec.)

1. A cathedral in England.
2. A Scottish poet and novelist.
3. A lake in Northern New York.
4. A king of Spain.
5. A famous queen.
6. A mountain group in Eastern California.
7. A city in Pennsylvania.

8. An American general.
9. A colonial governor of Virginia.

II.

SUGGESTIONS.

What famous persons do the following objects suggest?—

1. An apple (4).
2. A silver lamp.
3. A lion's skin.
4. A smooth, round stone.
5. Long hair (2).

—*Youth's Companion.*

III.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they figure?

1. Harry Trelyon.
2. Elizabeth Bennet.
3. John, Duke of Bedford.
4. Cigarette.
5. The Colonel and The Boy.
6. Portia.

IV.

ENDLESS CHAIN.

(All the words described contain the same number of letters. To form the second word take the last two letters of the first word, to form the third word take the last two letters of the second word, and so on.)

1. The fabled drink of the gods.
2. The language of the Arabians.
3. A pendent mass of ice.
4. Pertaining to Lent.
5. Complete in all its parts.
6. Punishment.
7. A dog house.

Answers to puzzles in the January number.

I. NEW YEAR ENIGMA:—

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

—*Tennyson, "In Memoriam."*

KEY WORDS: United States, Daniel Webster, Tennyson, Wright, Gopher, Phonographically.

II. BEHEADINGS.—1. Trap, rap. 2. Turn, urn. 3. Twitch, witch. 4. Twine, wine. 5. Twit, wit.

III. LITERARY CONTEST.—Waverley. Heart of Mid-Lothian. Henry Esmond. Leavenworth Case. The Deliverance. Lieutenant Governor. District Attorney.

V.

PI.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

V. SOBRIQUETS.—1. Julius Cæsar. 2. Alexander the Great. 3. Marcus Tullius Cicero. 4. Leonidas. 5. Herodotus.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

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Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.